



GATCOMB'S MUSICAL GAZETTE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

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'TIS THE FIRST FLY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the first fly of Summer
Here, buzzing alone,
All it's busy companions
Will come, by the ton.
No insect like this one,
No other is near,
To tickle my nostrils
And buzz in my ear.

Too soon they will follow
Now this one has come,
To muss up the pictures,
With fly specks and scum.
When fly time is with us
And warm nights are nigh,
Oh, who would inhabit
An attic sky high.

I'll not leave thee, thou hummer
To flitter alone,
To the flies of last summer
Go where they have flown.
Thus with an old slipper
I hit thee a slap,
Now, get thee to Hades
While I—get a nap.

The "Prompter," in Noah's *N. Y. Sunday Times*.

THE BANJO.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM ONE OF ITS
ABLEST APOSTLES.

A LETTER TO GEO. H. COES.

155 West 46th St.
New York, April 7, 1892.

DEAR GEORGE:

Accept my thanks for yours of 5th inst. received last evening, and please express the same to Mr. Percival, for having so kindly favored me with a copy of his article—a kind of literature always gratifying to me, and I was, indeed, anxious to know what had drawn forth the anathemas of Messrs Blanchard and Moleman. Well,

there is solace in the reflection that barren apple trees are never stoned.

Et-tu, Brute! It's a little odd that Mr. Blanchard, claiming to compose music for the banjo, should, Juda like, also strike a blow. It seems unreasonable that one possessing the ability he boasts would so stultify himself. But *is* he a composer for our instrument? You know there are composers and composers. It's a pity that the same application makes bad as well as good composers. And the thought suggests the inquiry,—is Mr. B. a composer for the banjo, or but an adolescent fiddler, and imposer on our instrument. I rather suspect the latter as I think I detect the "wolf tone" in his pen. Unfortunately, few have the manliness to be real good when possessed—or observed, by a hobby; and there is a difference between being possessed of, and by one. The auditory nerve is susceptible of many degrees of sensitiveness, likewise obtuseness; and it is not difficult to imagine that, with some organisms, even the raspings of an Arkansas fiddler, or the third of a plunkety plunk may be strains of dulcet harmony, even when compared with the mellifluous strains of the soul stirring drum, to which Mr. B. alludes. Does the violin completely fill, as Mr. B. asserts, "the entire front rank" of musical instruments? But I suppose we must allow somewhat for prejudice: a person controlled by it will "hear as though he heard not and to no profit," and we should draw a distinction between ignorance, or, may be, prejudice, and common sense. To one whose environment is a mud puddle the ocean is a myth. Don't take it, George, that I could breathe a word disparaging the noble violin—even if you didn't play it. I wouldn't if I could, and, certainly I couldn't, successfully, nor, I believe can any other person in his senses. To the contrary I would sing pæans in its

praise and acknowledge its divine maternity. But what of that? Surely, admitting all this, cannot antagonize the banjo. Does the one word—violin—exhaust the vocabulary of strictly musical instruments?—excepting Mr. B's drum, of course. Is it *the divinity*? Well, some people object to the arrogant assumption of the foreigner. But the banjo,—Mr. B. sagely informs us, "does not rank with the violin." Certainly not. Who said it did? Why should it? It wasn't born that way. It never sought application. Why, it has an individuality of its own, a clean, unadulterated personality, capable of standing on its own intrinsic merits, and creating its own criteria of superiority, and has displayed its ability to acquire and maintain the exalted attitude to which it has arisen despite the vindictiveness of its prejudiced and malignant defamers, and the assumptions of its foreign competitor. But because, as Mr. B. says, the banjo is "adapted for light dance music," does this argue the limit of its capabilities? If so, where goes the Violin, Piano, Harp, et al? Mr. B's concussion (coinciding with Mr. Moleman,) that "it makes a material difference in the playing" of the instrument, is, indeed a relief, and displays a lucidity, that for the moment, dispels the impression of perhaps mental alienation, suggested by a perusal of his article. I regret he was not inclined to enlighten us further on this point; we know that much already. That there exists a difference between a banjo player and a good banjo player, has been quite generally understood; also between a banjo and a good banjo, a fiddle and a violin, a fiddle player and a violinist. Furthermore, I believe there is also a distinction between ignorant conceit and intelligent common sense, a distinction however, which doesn't appear to have been recognized by our enlightened (?) critic.

His objection that some music is not suitable for the banjo can be readily acknowledged, but might not this, in many instances, dispose equally of the violin? He further informs us that "you cannot get long notes out of the banjo;" as if long notes settled the matter. How long he doesn't say. But his *say* enlightens us; for should one be so unfortunate as to come unawares upon any of these attenuated individuals, he kindly suggests a remedy, lying within the limits of the instrument—you can "kill them by shortening them." Isn't that nice! And then he flaunts the "soul of music" before our eyes. What's that? Can he tell us,—to save his own soul? Can he mean a soul—oh from the music of the spheres? or that we hear at spiritual seances? or was it just pretty to say?

And; "It is simply impossible to play heavy music" on our instrument, says our critic. Further, on this point, he is silent, and we must wait in vain for the light. Doubtless he thought we could adjust that matter by the major and minor scales. Well, I am quite willing to admit that he is, measurably, correct in this assertion; but, perhaps that is one of the merits pertaining to the banjo. But what does he mean by "killing a melody in a greater or less degree?" Can you conceive, for instance of a half dead melody? Is it thumping or rasping the aforesaid soul out of it, until in its agony it hies itself to Fiddler's Green? I wish Mr. B. had been a little more explicit on this sanguinary point,—diagnosed, dissected the various stages of dissolution; described the attack, the struggle, the amputation of say, the tails of the notes,—and then the grand catastrophe! the final decapitation of their heads; all to the pleasing accompaniment of their expiring death wails! But I never before knew that a musical instrument "concealed" notes. I sillily thought they were symbolic signs appearing only on music paper, and not entities. Well, well; perhaps however, "*he does not mean what he says.*" But, leaving him to wrestle with his notes, I think we can but appreciate the general brilliancy of his erudition, since he so kindly informs us of its source—his (doubtless) favorite but somewhat anonymous poet, to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness for his soul inspiring "flashes through my brain." Soberly considering the quality of his article, we cannot but applaud this frank confession of Mr. B's., which really accounts for so much. Feeling his inefficiency for his task how vigorously he undertakes to repel the only rational deduction—from his article—that he doesn't know a drum from a banjo; yet unfortunately for him, his very statement—that he "thinks it (the banjo) is but slightly above it (the drum) as a musical instrument," needs no stronger confirmation. Perorating, he "wants to infer" something—another "flash," but it is only in the pan, a sort of dying flicker, as it were, and—thank God—he's out! And now it is Mr. Moleman (a musician I infer)

who takes up the cudgel that has done the banjo defamers such great service so many, many years—in vain. And what says Mr. Moleman? Not very much that I can see, other than to furnish the impression that his fund of experience respecting the banjo is, like some of our stock companies—limited. But, often, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." I do not apply this to the gentleman, literally; only in spirit, for did he really know the banjo—the good, old, generous, rich toned instrument, the kind you and I caressed many years ago, (alas, how rare the makers of them now-a-days!) I feel sure he would have tempered his assertions to a more moderate and just key; for, a person who asserts that the great difference in the make and price of banjos (meaning to include, I take it, value as well as superiority of tone quality) certainly can have but a meagre knowledge of the true banjo. But what, with the myriads of mongrel banjos thrown on the market—(the immense demand having induced all sorts of mechanics, the majority utterly ignorant of the instrument, to engage in its manufacture,) the hump back, the bell back, the closed back, the bell metal—a utilization of some culinary utensil; distorted, illy proportioned instruments with all the virtues "patented" out of them, and with nothing inhering but the abhorrent "metallic ring" cited by Mr. Moleman, any adverse criticism becomes just and reasonable; and the assertion that "it is not an instrument to produce a mellow, sympathetic tone," undeniable. However, with Mr. Moleman, it is evident from his strictures that his opportunities for acquiring correct notions respecting the genuine banjo have been greatly restricted; and I sincerely hope he may become enlightened. Truly it must be said that, with but very few exceptions among banjo makers, the banjo has, as a musical instrument, greatly deteriorated; its rich, mellow, and resonant tone quality become but a legend, and thus justly subject to just such adverse criticism as Mr. Moleman's: But it is to be hoped this censure will have a wholesome effect and cause the conscientious makers of the instrument to give more careful attention to its construction, and adhere more strictly to the lines and proportions that went to make the banjo *divine* even in the days of its early struggle, and thus lead to a restoration of those sweet, limpid and sympathetic tone qualities, for which it was once so famous, and to which is due its phenomenal rise and world-wide popularity, despite the prejudice and bitter odium to which it has been subjected from its birth.

But, goodness gracious! how am I going on—to be sure! And your eyes are not strong. Forgive me, George. I just got started, and, well I couldn't let up. Reading the Percival, Moleman—Blanchard controversy accounts for it. But the idea! It is not my flight—only on general principles. I, who have listened to just such blatant vaporings as Moleman's, and Blanchard's, throughout my many years of battle for our favorite, without the slightest feeling

other than disgust and contempt, now to be "shook up!" Well, it is *too* absurd, and I can hear you say so. But I've relieved my mind, and that to you, who will, I know, be considerate from your own experience; and this thought gives me comfort.

What I intended doing when I sat down was simply to acknowledge your kind letter and contents, and now see what I have done! Now, George, I don't suppose you will acknowledge this letter, preferring, by your silence, to teach me consideration for my fellowman. I shan't blame you, George, I deserve it for my garrulousness. But while you strike I send you—and yours—my sincerest wishes for your prosperity and restoration to health, your lack of which I sincerely deplore.

Should you see Mr. Gatcomb, kindly present my regards, while assuring him of my great regret not to have been at home when he called, and that I trust I may yet have the pleasure of meeting him. All this from your old friend,

FRANK B. CONVERSE.

For the Gazette.

THE MATINEE GIRL.

AN INEXCUSABLE LUNACY.

If there is one individual who is entirely ridiculous, it is the so-called "matinee-girl," whose whole time, efforts, and thoughts, are centered upon some popular actor, who in turn, when he is aware of such idiotic devotion, makes public sport of it. Were these idiots to know the use that is frequently made of their silly gush letters to the indifferent object of their devotion, their cheeks would burn with shame, unless indeed, the cultivation of this sort of maudlin sentiment entirely obliterates all power of due appreciation of what should constitute feminine delicacy and womanly self-respect. This kind of hero-worship is in every respect demoralizing and bears bitter fruit as its only harvest; and the worst feature in the case is that it is neither rare nor limited either in scope or station, as its votaries may be found as frequently in the abodes of the wealthy and supposed refined as in the homes of the humble. There can be found neither reason nor excuse for such maudlin sentimentality and she who is guilty of it earns and deserves naught but general contempt—and be assured she gets it.

The "matinee girl," is not an indigenous fungus—she may be found any and everywhere that boasts the dramatic stage and its disciples, though naturally, its most extended growth is in the large cities, as there is located the largest field for its development. We have in mind several most pronounced cases, existing both in our own and other cities. And there seems no immediate radical cure for it; once the craze, or disease, is located it seemingly becomes chronic and epidemic, for the "matinee girl" worships gregariously and shamelessly. One would think that there would come a time and remedy for such infatuations—but there is none.

Even after the object of these insane followings is married, these smitten ones continue their devotions, carrying the craze far beyond the limits of modesty and morality. Boston has furnished a number of such cases, notably a former leading man of the Museum Company, whose reputation both for gallantly and inconsistency have become matters of public notoriety. But the more glaring these incidents, the greater the publicity given these amours, the wider-spread the infatuation, the more public the reports of his infidelities, the larger the number of empty-headed worshippers, until it would seem that the poor fools were courting dishonor; the marriage of the actor who has secured such an extended female following, it does not seem as tho' the ranks of the love-sick ones had thinned out to any considerable extent. The writer hereof has had considerable opportunities for learning of the existence of this kind of insipidity, and he has not had a monopoly of it either. The "Looker-on," of the *Boston Record* recently "spoke out in meeting" as follows:

"I am getting a little tired of constantly receiving letters from 'matinee girls' inquiring the whereabouts of a certain actor who once occupied a prominent place in one of our leading theatres and who is now living in clover on his wife's salary. This column is not for the benefit of sentimental and gushing girls, who think it is a great thing to be on the stage, and the 'matinee girls' may as well stop writing this sort of gush and save themselves the knowledge of knowing that their contributions invariably find a resting place in the waste basket."

This sort of thing is by no means confined to young and thoughtless girls, as many married women are alike guilty. Could an accurate list be written out, there would be a sensational climax in society which would resemble a moral earthquake, and it is time some check was placed upon this kind of thing, before it has worked a still greater degree of demoralization. It may be thought that the foregoing is an exaggeration, a sensational canard, but it is not so, by any means, for the whole condition in this respect cannot be described. But there should be a reform —PERCY VERE.

FUN IN OUR AUGUST NUMBER.

In the August No. we purpose giving our readers something that will amuse them, unless they are past that stage. Our old friend George H. Coes has sent us another sketch from his store of "Reminiscences," and if our readers laugh one half as heartily over it as we have done, there will be a boom in buttons. In his quaint, straight-ahead way, he narrates the story of an entertainment given by Birch, Shea Campbell, Coes and others, in the loft of a barn, and—well, read it for yourselves and laugh till you reach the danger point as the editor has done. Nothing funnier has ever been given our readers.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Denmark has made a World's Fair appropriation of \$67,000.

A continuous clam-bake will be one of the attractions which epicurean visitors will find at the Exposition.

More than 180 exhibitors are chronicled from Philadelphia alone.

New York has made a World's Fair appropriation of \$300,000.

A \$6,000 monument of Barre granite will be one of the exhibits from Vermont.

Kentucky has made a \$100,000 World's Fair appropriation.

Victoria, Australia, has made a World's Fair appropriation of \$100,000.

Austria will make a fine exhibit of glass, porcelain, bronze, leather, artistic iron and cabinet work.

The grand entrance to the mammoth Manufacturers Building will be decorated at an expense of about \$12,000.

The Illinois Woman's Ceramic Association has secured space for an exhibit in the Illinois Building.

Queen Margaret of Italy has promised to loan her famous collection of rare laces for exhibition at the Fair.

Ceylon will conduct a tea-house on Midway Plaisance.

Mrs. Amy M. Beech, of Boston, will prepare an original musical composition to be rendered at the dedication of the Woman's Building. Theodore Thomas will conduct the presentation and Prof. Tomlins will organize the chorus of 400 voices.

A Choral Hall, 160 x 260 feet, will be erected near the Horticultural Building. There Professor Tomlins, with 2,000 trained voices, will furnish rare choral music during the Exposition. The Welsh International Eisteddfod will occupy the building for a week.

The Bureau of Music has issued letters of invitation to all the important choral societies in the larger cities asking them to co-operate in forming the grand chorus of 2,000 voices, which will render standard oratorios at the ceremonies dedicatory of the Exposition buildings.



The marriage of Mr. Edward Dyer and Miss Charlotte Rhea has been indefinitely postponed, as there was objection to the effect of the hyphenated joining of the names in the usual announcements.

Bicycle riders don't get fatigued—it's their wheels that are so immensely tired.

"Christopher Columbus discovered America"—and now the people of this immense country are wondering how he could have helped discovering it and why some other fellow hadn't done so long before his time.

Somerville recently celebrated her semi-centennial and had a splendid time. But many who were present and enjoyed the occasion, were compelled to announce that they would not probably attend the next similar celebration.

"Time waits for no man"—but clocks often stop without being requested to do so.

The difference between a watch and a bankrupt is; one runs after being wound up, while the other stops.

NED. "I wish that man would sit down—he obstructs my view of the stage."

TOM. "Then you are even with him."

NED. "How so!"

TOM. "He stops your sight and you dam his eyes."

Harry—Have you asked her father's consent yet?

Jack—No: he has asked mine.

Harry: Indeed! that's a little unusual.

Jack—Yes, he asked me to consent to stay away hereafter.—*New York Herald*.

"Ah, Wadleigh, do you happen to have \$5 that you don't need?"

"Indeed I haven't,"

Mildly thinks the question over and is uncertain.

"Well, I say, Wadleigh, do you happen to have \$5 that I need very badly?"—*Chicago News-Record*.

"Take this medicine, my little man, and I'll give you 5 cents."

"Take it yourself, and I'll go you 5 cents better."—*Jester*.

Minister—Now, think carefully, and I'm sure you'll be able to say that at some time you were sorry for the idle life you led.

Convict—I have, sir.

Minister—Ah! Just as I thought. When was it?

Convict—When I was doing solitary confinement.—*New York Evening Sun*.

Chappie—The first cigar I bought here made me deathly sick.

Dealer—Don't let that discourage you; we all had to learn sometime.—*New York Herald*.

Fond Mother—I noticed, Fraulein, that Master Frank's German accent has fallen off the last few days.

German governess—Ach, so! Zat is because his sore throat is bedder!—*Boston Globe*.

"What made you leave Philadelphia so suddenly?"

"I was threatened with a coughing fit, and was afraid they'd arrest me for disorderly conduct."—*Washington Star*.

"What is Gallop's idea for calling his horse Fast Colors?"

"He said he bought him for a family horse, and he is warranted not to run."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

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THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

Suit, for infringement of copyright law, in publishing four pieces of music, the copyrights for which, so claim the English publishers, are held in London Stationers Hall, and also, duly entered with the Librarian at Washington, has been brought against Ditson & Co., and F. H. Gilson. The English interests are prosecuted in the name of the London Music Publishers' Co., by Mr. L. L. Scaife of Boston, and will be vigilantly guarded. Mr. Scaife is the one who presented the English view of the copyright law, which contends that it is not necessary to engrave and print foreign copyright music in this country in order to secure a copyright. This is the view which has been adopted by this government and is the provision under which the present suit will be brought.

We will watch the progress of this suit with a great deal of interest as the entire essence of the copyright law seems to be pending on the issue. As we decide this case, no doubt our English contemporaries will decide future similar cases which may be brought before them for adjudication.

We trust and have no doubt it will be so, that we will maintain our reputation as a law abiding people and uphold both the letter and the spirit of the law, no matter who suffers.

HOLIDAYS.

"Where are you going this Summer? For of course you are going somewhere? Will you go down by the sea and watch the waves mountin' high, or will you go up to country and see the high mountains?" Will you ramble along the sands and let the cool breeze from the deep play with your whiskers, or will you take your best girl and whisk her into the deep forests? Will you furnish an occasional lunch for the mosquito and his little bell, while you dally with a small lunch and the hotel clerk's big bill? Or will you permit the inquisitive black fly to regale himself on your damask cheek, for they are fond of city meat, while you pen yourself up in a small farm house chamber, and pay a large price for the fresh eggs, and dairy butter the

farmers have bought in the city, having sold that of their own production to the hotels for a big price? It won't make a great deal of difference anyhow, for you are sure to be "bled" anyhow, so what difference will it make whether it be by the mosquitos and hotel men of the sea shore, or the black flies and farmers in the country? The only really good thing there is in the case—it makes getting back seems desirable and causes a fellow to sing "Home Sweet Home," with a new unction. We know for we have been there.

"IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

We hear expressions of disgust, anger, contempt and all the other similar types of sentiment because of the frequency with which the above query is propounded during the hot spell. Now that sort of thing is all wrong for many reasons and one should strive against the reception of any such belligerent or uncharitable feeling. Years, many years ago, this antique question was started as original and was listened to with equanimity, in fact, with sympathy—but of course that was a great many years ago, even ante-dating the days of Adam perhaps. It is recorded that this is the question Satan asked Eve before he invited her to "take a little cider," by which act she became an out-sider, and therefore has been used as a test of patience ever since. We rather like it, for the extreme coolness with which each new querist pushes it at you, just as though it were original with him and you heard it for the first time. Besides, one should always respect the aged and this question is certainly a well authenticated memento of the pre-historic time. So let the ancient chestnut linger on—we will try to stand it.

NONSENSE.

THE GAZETTE is no party organ, giving honor to genuine merit and honest purpose wherever found. "The Woman Suffrage" question is one we do not care to meddle with, although our opinions are decided on that point. But when one of their chosen prophets comes into Boston and proclaims that Rev. (?) Sam Small, is the equal of Charles Sumner, or dares make any sort of comparison between them, Suffragists must not be at all surprized if people indulge in a quiet smile. Such advocates as these are the best friends to their opponents and will work mischief if not promptly relegated to a remote locality.

PERSONAL

Geo. M. Vickers, of Philadelphia, has recently written a national anthem, entitled "Columbia, my Country," and a stirring good one, too. It has a ring to it that such a composition should have and we sincerely hope it will sing

its way into the hearts of all. We cannot have too many such melodies and we never can have enough of such poems as that of our old friend Vickers.

Eugene Field has written many good things, but he never wrote anything truer, nor more to the point than when he sized Adelina Patti's "graciousness" (?) to young singers. He said in effect, "she has never been known to praise a young singer that ever came to anything or helped any who gave the least promise of ever becoming a vocal." True, most true!

G. Wm. Ullmann, travelling representative for Messrs D. Klein & Brother, Philadelphia, made another of his "lightning trips" to Boston and passed "the glorious fourth" among the "Yankees." Mr. Ullmann is the liveliest of all the representatives of band uniform makers, which is the reason why the house he represents is at the head of the list in the number of bands equipped. "Mr. Ullmann seldom fails to receive a contract when once he has fairly entered into competition," and his manner for conducting his business never fails to commend both him and the house he represents.

Mr. Walter Lewis for many years connected with the publishing house of Jean White, has closed his business relations with that house for the purpose of making a radical change in his affairs. He has entered the firm of Stockbridge & Co., Real Estate agents, and will hereafter cast in his fortunes with that house, where he will be happy to greet any of his old friends.

Signor Louis Romero is with the Ideal Club at Lake Memphremagog, Vt., where he is coaching the boys in an extended and excellent addition to their already splendid repertoire. The boys know how to put in good work in study, which fact, is closely demonstrated by their excellent entertainments.

A. A. Babb and wife are enjoying the delights of Lake Winnipisoegee, N. H., and raking in new inspirations from the mountain air of the Granite State. Mr. Babb is an earnest worker, a conscientious teacher, and a good fellow, in each of which characters we commend him. If he has taken his bicycle with him, we ask all the neighbors to keep friendly watch over him, as the doubtful nature of all uncertainties may bring him to grief.

Miss Amelia Luigi, the able mandolin and guitar artist and teacher, is enjoying a brief and well-earned vacation. We sincerely trust that this estimable young lady will avail herself of all the means for recuperation that are available to her and return to her duties greatly refreshed both in body and mind.

We acknowledge a pleasant call from Mr. Clarence L. Graff representing our esteemed contemporary the *American Art Journal*. Mr. Graff was in Boston on business connected with the interests of the Art Journal and hence his

stay was a brief one. We would be pleased to welcome our genial young friend more frequently, as he is both able and modest, a somewhat rare combination among the young men of the present.

Miss Lillian Durell, whose recent debut in grand opera created such an interest in the musical circles of Boston, is passing the summer at Lake Massapoag, Sharon, Mass. This lady has established herself at the head of the roll of lyric artists of the present day, having bounded straight to the top. She has a most beautiful voice, with an excellent method and is a lyric artist such as is presented but rarely. The GAZETTE predicts an honorable career for Miss Durell and will always be pleased to chronicle her triumphs.

E. G. Harbaugh and wife, Washington, D. C., will pass their summer in the country, returning to the Capitol in the fall, ready for another round of hard work. Our Washington friends are workers and have justly earned their present honorable position.

Ike Brown, is still at the other end of "the big bore" (North Adams, Mass.), which seems to be his natural position as he is at the other end of the line individually. As a teacher and composer he is all that his friends represent him and in each and every capacity, may be relied upon.

Thos. E. Glynn is still at his home in Portland, Me., and will remain at his post during the summer. Mr. Glynn has few equals as a banjo player and still fewer superiors, while his compositions take rank at the head of the list both in beauty and interest. He has several new compositions in hand and will soon be heard from again.

Geo. A. Carter, who has been with the Minna Gale Co. through the past season, is resting at the home of his father-in-law, Mr. F. D. Osgood, West Brownfield, Me. Mr. Carter has done some excellent work this last season, and has several offers pending for next season, though it is more than probable that he will re-engage with Miss Gale.

Con Howes, whom everybody knows and whom everybody likes, is as jolly as ever, and has as keen an enjoyment for fun as he ever did. It is really infectious when he shakes his sides in a laugh, and he makes everybody join in his laugh. Con is doing a good business and carries a large and varied line of all kinds of music and musical instruments.

CONCERTS.

The concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in aid of the Russian Famine fund, won, as it deserved, an immense success. On the programme, which was an excellent one, the University Banjo Club had a prominent

place and rendered their usual good account of themselves. We are always well pleased to note such timely service.

From far-off Swansea, New South Wales, way over the sea beneath the Southern Cross, we have secured the programme of a concert in Drill Hall, Swansea, by the Unique Banjo and Guitar Band. The entertainment, which was "under distinguished patronage," included much good banjo music, solos, duets, etc., and also a goodly array of vocal selections, these last named being rendered by vocalists of ability. A goodly audience was in attendance and "God Save the Queen," as usual, closed the programme.

Prof. W. P. Chambers, fortified by "Forty of his pupils," gave a grand concert in the theatre, Los Angeles, Cal., Thursday evening, May 19th. The Professor also had the reliable assistance of Prof. M. Lenzberg, flute soloist, and Miss Bessie Richardson, pianist. A glance at the programme gives conclusive evidence that the occasion should have been the success it was, and it was both long and well selected, and was entrusted to most excellent hands, each number being given to those competent to do it full justice. Prof. Chambers and his pupils rendered several selections, for banjos, for mandolins, and for zithers, certain of the pupils gave a violin quartette, there were also several violin solos and Prof. Lenzberg gave a most delightful flute solo. Thus it will be seen that nothing was wanting to ensure a fine performance, and there was one.

The Benefit Concert for the Hillside Congregational Church, under the auspices of the Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, at Y. W. C. A. Hall, June 23d, was an event in musical matters, in every respect. The programme was long and well-selected, quantity and quality alike being all that could be desired. The Omaha Male Quartette rendered several selections in their usual excellent manner, the Symphony Banjo Quartette, who gave several excellent numbers in a way that called out repeated encores. Master Charles Higgins gave two fine violin solos, Miss Ara Brown's readings were most acceptable, and Miss Daisy Higgins presided at the piano both charmingly and artistically. The affair was a great success.

CLUBS.

The Brown University Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club are busy in their regular season, their engagements being many and constantly increasing. Their programmes are such as must commend them to any audience which appreciates good music, well rendered and hence their every public appearance is a triumph. Harold C. Field is their manager and a good one.

The Hamilton Banjo Club of Philadelphia, rendered timely assistance on the occasion of

the entertainment at the Academy of Music for the benefit of the Russian Famine fund,—that is the correct spirit boys; there is never anything lost by casting bread upon the waters.

The "Ladies Banjo Quartette," Washington, D. C., is become one of the musical institutions of the "City of magnificent distances," and always commands a large and appreciative audience whenever and wherever they are announced. Their graceful appearance, joined to their exquisite music, is a double delight, charming both eye and ear.

The Boston Ideal Club are at Lake Memphremagog, where they are putting in their time most profitably, in rehearsing for their next season, in recreation and in an occasional concert in various portions of New England. They have got the art of combining business with pleasure down to as fine a point as it can be coined and the results are demonstrated in their improvement both in music and health. There is nothing like timely recreation.

The "T. K." Quartette, of Omaha, assisted at the benefit of the Hillside Congregational Church, June 23d, and won their usual applause. This is one of the best male quartettes in the West and has a well-earned reputation as such.

The Symphony Banjo Quartette of Omaha, Neb., is among the most popular organizations of its class in the section near their home. Their programmes comprise new and good music that is always well rehearsed and well rendered, two elements which are sure to conquer success.

SAME HERE!

The editor is by no means disposed to be hypercritical, nor inclined to place a limit on individual aspirations, but the line must be drawn sometime and somewhere. We are always well pleased to receive the publications of our contemporaries, and give them an early review on their merits, receiving such favors in the spirit in which we feel them to have been tendered. Qualities must vary, as uniform excellence is impossible, besides being likely to exhaust our supply of superlatives. Therefore, send them in, friends, and we will give such as we can find room for, at least, an honorable mention. But there is one limit. We draw the line rigidly, and without the least prospect of elasticity at any farther inflictions of "Ta-ra-ra," etc. The individual who sends any further specimens of this abomination will do so at his or her peril. We will consent to "Comrades," smile serenely at "Annie Rooney," yea, placidly and resignedly take a dilution from "That is Love," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Down on the Farm," etc., but no more "Ta-ra-ra!" That account is closed and hermetically sealed. Selah!—*Editorial in The Leader.*

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Published Monthly by

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For subscription rates, see Editorial Page 2.

Press of WALLACE SPOONER, 17 Province St., Boston.

GATCOMBS.

A. D., Swansea, N. S. W., writes; "The Robinson banjo has arrived and has been tried. It is grand; I have tried a sixty dollar zither banjo, metal rim, two heads, one front and one back, but yours takes the cake. I have had instruments sent me to inspect, prices varying from five to sixty dollars, but none of them can hold a candle to yours. Your name is a familiar one here—in fact they more often call me "Gatcomb" than by my right name."

Charlie J., New Orleans, La., writes; "It is hot enough down here to suggest that Bob Ingersoll may be correct in stating that there is no hell hereafter, because we are having it now. But, anyhow, we must have something to distract our attention from such exciting themes and I know of nothing more interesting than the GAZETTE for which I enclose my dollar."

L. D., Auburn, N. Y., writes; "Enclosed find \$3.00 for which send copy of GAZETTE to each of the parties named, for one year. I have promise of several others."

That is the correct kind of letter—send us some more.

Mrs. E. L. S., Falmouth, Me., writes; "The GAZETTE is good enough reading for anybody who knows what is good. I think I do and therefore enclose my dollar for yet another year. Success to it."

C. M. R., Rochester, N. Y., writes; "The No. 50 banjo came through all right and you may bet your whole factory that it is not in the market. It knocks every thing else of the kind I ever heard completely out of sight. Thank you!"

Carrle M. L., Baltimore, Md., writes; "I am entirely satisfied with my beautiful mandolin—I do not see how it could be improved upon."



WEST BROWNFIELD, Me., July 10, 1892.

DEAR GAZETTE:

The air of the White Mountains has given me a new impetus, quite beyond the inspiration to be found in crowded streets and among hot brick walls. Here one can eat a square meal and sleep the sleep of the innocent unscorched by the sweltering heat, undisturbed by the many rackets incidental to City life. If you want to enjoy a real delight, do as I did—secure a passage and a state-room on one of the Portland steamboats and you will have it. But look out at least a week ahead and secure your room, or you will not get one, as they are engaged far ahead of the day of sailing.

There was a goodly crowd with us, among them Lindall's Band, which was on the way to Bar Harbor, where they will fill a summer engagement. They rendered an excellent programme of good music and received due appreciation therefor. Among their selections was Lansing's ever-popular "Darkies' Dream," which was applauded most enthusiastically, as, in fact, it always is, whenever and wherever performed. What an addition good music is on such occasions and how wise is that management which provided it. It is certain that those lines which do furnish this delightful feature are sure to secure the largest share of patronage.

In Portland I called on Con Hawes at his store on Congress St. and found him up to his ears in business. He carries a big stock of music, prominently displayed among others, being "Darkies' Dream," "Darkies' Patrol," and other Gatcomb publications. On the counter I saw "Gatcomb's Boston Banjo Method," by Babb, and others. Con says he finds a quick market for all these. In the window of Stockbridge's Music Store, was displayed the handsome group of artists of the Gatcomb household, and it really looked like them. In fact, I have noticed much that recalled the Gatcomb headquarters in various parts of my wanderings and find the catalogue well appreciated.

I am located at a most interesting spot, on the New Hampshire line some 20 miles south of Mt. Washington, whose top can be plainly visible from the neighborhood of the cottage in which we are living. It is some 900 feet above the sea level and is delightfully cool and soothingly quiet at all times, as this is not a public thoroughfare, being just off the principal line of travel. I hope to enjoy a brief respite and then return to duty like a giant refreshed.

YE EDITOR.

L. DOURNIER, Auburn, N. Y., asks: "I learned Henlein's Method for Mandolin. In the Lansing and Crandall Methods they give all the positions same as in the violin. Henlein gives all his keys in the first position. Do you think it necessary to learn the positions if one understands the fingerboard?" Most assuredly, though a pupil may succeed in acquiring a certain degree of accuracy by ignoring all theoretical changes of position, he will find that he must be governed by the same principle as are laid down by Lansing, Crandall and all the other most reliable theorists. Better learn thoroughly while one is about it, thus ensuring against having to repeat a study in order to remedy the defects of imperfect theory.

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Tempo di Bolero.

BANJO.

f

mf

p

3 P.

cres.

dim.

dim.

3

3 P.

f

rall.

3 P.

(4) *mf*
a tempo.

cres.

3 P.

3 P.

rit.

3 P. *tr*

tr

WHEN DO WE GET TO THE TUNNEL?

Words and Music by IKE BROWNE.

Tempo di Polka.



1. While traveling thro' the country,
2. A - gain you'll see, and of - ten,
3. An in - ter - est - ed par - ty
4. So all are in - ter - est - ed

As o'er the rail we fly,
The charming lit - tle Bride,
Is the "Drummer" on his trip,
In their own pe - cu - liar way,

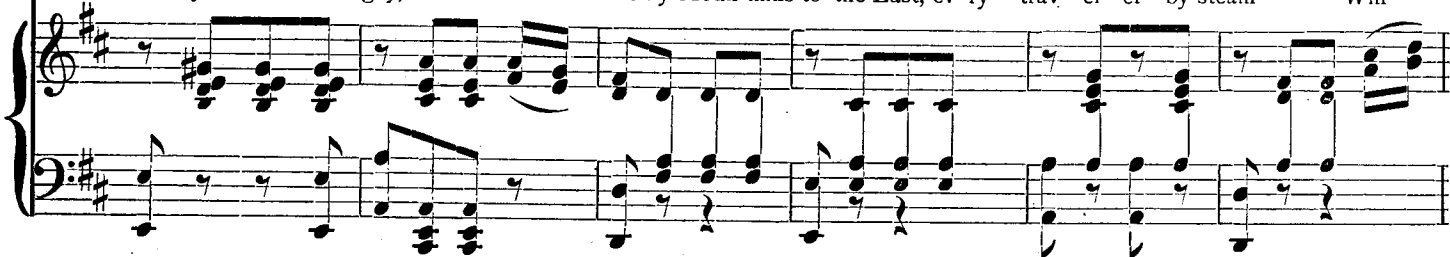
An end - less pan - o - ra - ma is pre -
Who shy - ly nes - tles close - ly to the
With Meerschaum pipe, and Pok - er pack, and
From the man of Sci - ence or the Bride, to the



sent - ed to the eye,
"Hub-by" at her side;
whis - key in his grip,
frisk - y Drum - mer gay,

One hears of Hoo - sac Tunnel oft, and with ex - pect - ant face,
It is in - deed a "Pal - ace car" when graced by one so fair,
He oc - cu - pies two seats, at least, and his silk - y moustache twirls,
From the Rock - y Moun - tains to the East, ev - 'ry trav - el - er by steam

He
While
While he
Will



watch - es from the win - dow for the in - ter - est - ing place—
she's as hap - py as a Queen, without one tho't of care—
throws a kill - ing glance around, and tries to "mash" the girls—
make the Hoo - sac Tun - nel off the sub - ject for his theme—

The much abused Conductor,
The Conductor, now approaching,
Quite of - ten un - suc - cess - ful,
How of - ten friends are parting

who manip - u - lates the
will lin - ger near her
he always seems to
with each other at the



punch, Is oft - en in - terrupt - ed by a qui - et lit - tle hunch, And turning on the
 seat, Oft moved to ad - mi - ra - tion by this spec - ta - cle so sweet, And, as he stands be -
 think The prop - er thing at such a time would be to take a drink, But the eyes of all are
 door Of the car that safe - ly lands them all at "Old At - lan - tic's shore" — And the question that a -

tour - ist In a man - ner sweet and fond, The lat - ter, for the twentieth time will ea - ger - ly respond:—
 side her, This mod - est lit - tle Dame Will shy - ly raise her roguish eyes to his and then exclaim:—
 on him, Yet, the treat he will not miss, So he shouts to the Con - duc - tor in a manner much like this:—
 ris - es On at least a doz - en tongues, Is ech - oed on the in - stant by as ma - ny health - y lungs:—

CHORUS.

SPOKEN—"I say, Conductor."

Tempo di Waltz.

When do we get to the Tun - - nel? When do we get there I say?

When do we get to the Tun-nel? When do we get there I

Wake me, Conductor, if sleep - - - ing, Don't let me miss it I pray.

say? Wake me, Conductor, if sleeping, Don't let me miss it pray.

How are we run-ning, Conduct - - or? Are we late, or on time to-day? And

How are we running, Conduct - - - or? Are we late, or on time to - day? . . . And

when do we get to the Tun - - - nel? When do we get there I say?

when do we get to the Tun- - - nel? When do we get there I say?

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